

*The University of Alberta Department of Music presents:*

# CONCERT CHOIR

## SPRING CONCERT



### “STORIES”

EVELYN PFEIFER, CONDUCTOR

SUSAN FARRELL, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

Saturday, April 4, 2009 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA





**PROGRAM**

- If Music be the Food of Love (1997) David Dickau  
(b. 1953)  
Bryan LeGrow, accompanist
- Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel? (1999) arr. Moses Hogan  
(1957-2003)  
Malaika Horswill, 1<sup>st</sup> soprano  
Laura Miller, 1<sup>st</sup> soprano  
Dorcas Li, 2<sup>nd</sup> soprano  
Julie Sackey, 2<sup>nd</sup> soprano  
Christina O'Dell, alto  
Stephanie Savage, alto
- Hear My Prayer Lord (2009) Nadia Nasedkin\*+  
(b. 1982)  
Dorcas Li, soprano
- Lamentaciones de Jeremias (1999) Z. Randall Stroope  
(b. 1953)  
Karen Witten, accompanist
- Remember (2002) Stephen Chatman\*  
(b. 1950)
- Zapateado Caribe (1931) Agustin Barrios Mangoré  
(1885-1944)  
Guitar Trio – Jeremy Doody, Jordan Gagne, Corey Smith
- Ka hia manu (1999) arr. Stephen Hatfield\*  
(b. 1956)  
Susan Farrell, conductor

**Intermission**

Jabberwocky (1991)

Brent Pierce

Karen Witten, accompanist

Jamaican Market Place (1988)

Larry Farrow

Susan Farrell, conductor

The Maggie Hunter

arr. Ruth Watson Henderson\*

(from **Five Ontario Folk Songs**) (1990)

(b. 1931)

Karen Witten, accompanist

Si j'avais le bateau

arr. Harry Somers\*

(from **5 Songs of the Newfoundland Outports**) (1969)

(1925-1999)

Susan Farrell, conductor

Karen Witten, accompanist

Loch Lomond (2000)

arr. Jonathan Quick\*

Ashley Rees, soprano

Three Scottish Folksongs (1983)

arr. Mack Wilberg

1. O Whistle and I'll Come to Ye – Paige Wilson, soprano

(b. 1955)

2. I'll Ay Call in by Yon Town

Karen Witten & Julie Sackey, accompanists

\*Canadian composer

+ member of Concert Choir

## Texts and Translations

### If Music Be the Food of Love

(Henry Heveningham)

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am filled with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move,  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music everywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound.  
And all my senses feasted are;  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

### Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel

(Traditional Spiritual)

Refrain:

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,  
And why not every man?

He deliver'd Daniel from the lion's den,  
Jonah from the belly of the whale,  
And the Hebrew children from the fiery  
furnace,  
And why not every man. Hallelujah!

The wind blows east and the wind blows west,  
It blows like the judgment day.  
And ev'ry poor soul that never did pray  
Will be glad to pray that day. Hallelujah!

I set my foot on the Gospel ship,  
And the ship, it began to sail.  
It landed me over on Canaan's shore,  
And I'll never come back anymore.  
Hallelujah!

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,  
From the lion's den, and Jonah  
From the belly of the whale,  
And the Hebrew children from the fiery  
furnace?

Then why? Tell me why not every man?

### Hear My Prayer Lord

(Text: Psalm 102 NIV)

Hear my prayer Lord,  
Let my cry for help come to you.  
Do not hide your face from me,  
When I am in distress, turn your ear to me.  
When I call, answer me quickly.  
For my days vanish like smoke,  
My bones burn like glowing embers.  
My heart is blighted and withered like grass.  
I forget to eat my food.  
In my distress, I groan aloud,  
And am reduced to skin and bone.  
I am like a desert owl,  
Like an owl among the ruins.  
I lie awake, I have become like a bird,  
Alone on a roof.  
All day long my enemies taunt me.  
Those who rail against me use my name as a  
curse.  
For I eat ashes as my food,  
And mingle my drink with tears.  
Because of your great wrath.  
For you have taken me up and thrown me  
aside.  
My days are like the evening shadow,  
I wither away like grass.



## *Lamentaciones de Jeremias*

### **(Lamentations of Jeremiah)**

(Text: from the Book of Lamentations)

O vos omnes,  
qui transitis per viam,  
attendite et videte  
si est dolor,  
sicut dolor meus.

Recordare Domine  
intuere, respice  
opprobrium nostrum.

### **Remember**

(Christina Rossetti)

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the  
hand.  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

### **Ka Hia Manu**

(Polynesian Text, Chants, and Melodies  
Adapted and arranged by Stephen Hatfield)

Hitirere ake te haga i runga  
Te ariki Hotumatu'a  
Kaoha!  
Ua hiti mai te ava'e  
Mato-u tamariki Ganaia  
ata rahi rumaruma  
toiti  
ka hia manu  
ava Moa  
Hiva Oa  
Fakateni atu ai te igoa taku fenua  
Ta'i no te moe vaikava noho manu ino e  
tutuma hakangaro tangi  
Aue te turu e

O you people,  
who pass this way,  
look and see  
if there exists any sorrow (agony)  
like unto my sorrow.

Remember, Lord  
consider and notice  
our humiliation and disgrace!

The sun rises high in the skies.  
Announcing the deeds of King Hotumatu.  
Greetings! – the breath of life  
The moon is rising.  
We are the people of Anaa Island.  
Emerald green clouds.  
-it's raining  
-many birds  
-a sacred waterway  
-the island said to have nurtured the young  
Hotumatu'a  
Praise the name of our homeland.  
Someone has been abducted by an evil bird.  
-weeping in grief  
Help us!

The Polynesian chants and texts adapted in Ka Hia Manu are from Tahiti, the Marquesas, Tuamotu, the Northern Marianas, and Rapa Nui, also known as Easter Island. The title Ka Hia Manu (Many Birds) is in recognition of the importance birds have in the folklore and the arts of these cultures. The phrase “free as a bird” has extra meaning for a people living on small, scattered islands in the middle of the open Pacific. The bird becomes a symbol for those who explored from island to island, and for the islands themselves. Ka Hia Manu draws on tributes to the king Hotumatu’a, the founding patriarch of Rapa Nui.

### **Jabberwocky**

(Lewis Carroll)

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogroves,  
And the momeraths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought,  
So rested he by the Tum-tum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One-two-one-two and thru and thru  
The vorpal blade went snickersnack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He came galumphing back.

“And hast thou killed the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.



## **Jamaican Market Place**

(Larry Farrow)

Market woman, taking all her goods to Kingston Market,  
Market woman, on her way to the market.

Here comes a woman dressed in white  
On her way to market.  
Taking all her goods to sell –  
People come from miles around.

Market woman, taking all her goods to Kingston Market,  
Market woman, on her way to the market.

Another woman with fish to eat  
On her way to market.  
Baskets full so take your pick –  
You can bargain for your best price.

Market woman, selling all her fish at Kingston Market,  
Market woman, on her way to the market.

Some carry goat, beans and sugarcane,  
Yes, you can buy at market.  
The Rasta man brings his goods to sell,  
You can buy every day.

Market woman, singing all way home from Kingston Market,  
Market woman, on her way from the market.

There goes the woman dressed in white  
On her way from market.  
Singing joyfully all way home,  
She has sold all her goods today.

Market woman, singing all way home from Kingston Market,  
Market woman, on her way from the market.

## **The Maggie Hunter**

(text collected by Edith Fowke)

Oh, sad and dismal is the tale to you I will relate  
'Tis of the Maggie Hunter, her crew and their sad fate,  
How they sank beneath the deep, in life to rise no more,  
In one of the fearful gales that sweep Ontario's dreary shore.

They left Oswego on their lee, the white-caps high did roll.  
Bound for the fair Queen City with three hundred tons of coal.  
There never was a jollier crew sailed on the lakes or seas  
As they their canvas all did make and spread it to the breeze.



### **The Maggie Hunter** (continued)

When they got well outside the piers it blew a lively gale,  
By orders of the captain 'tis supposed they shortened sail,  
Of all the captains on the lake Frank Nixon reigned as chief,  
So they sailed on for Toronto with their canvas closely reefed.

The white-caps dashed before the bow, like thunder they did roar,  
As if singing a sad requiem she would plough the waves no more.  
Two Newman brothers before the mast their duty they did do,  
Together with three other men composed the Hunter's crew.

So dusk came down and darkness next, it was a fearful night,  
The ill-fated Maggie Hunter she's now far out of sight.  
She's now far out of sight, my boys, now will be seen no more,  
Down in the deep now all do sleep far from their friends on shore.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison

Six months afterwards the cook was found floating near the shore,  
The many friends who loved her will never greet her more.  
A hatch, a boom, a broken spar, the drowned woman's pale dead face,  
Of all that stout craft and gallant crew remain the only trace.

So come all ye that follow the land and a living there do make,  
It's little do you make, my boys, of the dangers of these lakes,  
Whenever there a storm arise think of the night it blew,  
And the Maggie Hunter she went down with all her gallant crew.

### **Si j'avais le bateau**

(text collected by Kenneth Peacock)

Si j'avais le bateau que mon père m'avait  
donné,  
Je pourrais traverser l'eau sans bateau.  
Si j'avais des enfants qui m'appelleraient pas  
maman,  
Oh! Je prierais Dieu souvent qu'ils mouririont  
subitement.

À l'honneur du patron,  
Faisons sauter le bouchon.  
Je boirons à la santé  
d'un aimable société.

If I had the boat that my father gave me,  
I could traverse the water without a boat.  
If I had children who didn't call me 'maman'  
Oh! I would pray often that they would die  
suddenly.

For the sake of the boss,  
Let's blow out the stopper.  
Let's drink to the health  
Of a lovely society.

## Loch Lomond

(Traditional Scottish words and tune)

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie  
braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomond,  
Where me and me true love were ever wont  
to gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch  
Lomond.

Oh ye'll take the high road an' I'll take the  
low road  
An' I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye,  
But me and me true love will never meet  
again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch  
Lomond

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady  
glen,  
On the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,  
Where deep in purple hue the Highland  
hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers  
spring,  
And in sunshine the waters lie sleeping,  
But the broken heart will ken nae\* second  
spring again,  
And the world knows not how we are  
grieving.  
\* know no

## O Whistle and I'll Come to Ye

(Robert Burns – melodies and words from  
*The Oxford Scottish Song Book*)

O whistle and I'll come to ye my lad,  
O whistle and I'll come to ye my lad!  
Tho' father and mother and all should go  
mad,  
O whistle and I'll come to ye my lad.

But take you great care when you come to  
court me,  
And come not unless the back gate be a-je:  
Then up the back-style and let nobody see,  
And come as ye were not comin' to me,  
And come as ye were not comin' to me.

I'll whistle and you'll come to me my lass,  
I'll whistle and you'll come to me my lass,  
Tho' your father and mother and all should  
go mad,  
I'll whistle and you'll come to me my lass.

At kirk or at market when-e'er ye meet me,  
Go by me as tho' that ye cared not a flee:  
But steal me a blink of your bonnie black  
eye,  
Yet look as ye were not lookin' at me,  
Yet look as ye were not lookin' at me.

Ay-vow and protest that ye care not for me,  
At times ye may laugh at my beauty a wee:  
But court not another tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

## I'll Ay Call in by Yon Town

(Robert Burns – melodies and words from  
*The Oxford Scottish Song Book*)

I'll ay call in by yon town and by yon garden  
green again,  
I'll ay call in by yon town and see my bonny  
Jean again.

There's none shall know and none shall guess  
what brings me back the gate again,  
but she my fairest faithful lass  
and secretly we'll meet again.

I'll ay call, ay call in by, ay call in by yon  
town,  
Call and see my bonny Jean again.

She'll wander by the oaken tree when  
Trysting time draws near again,  
And when her lovely form I see,  
O haith! She's doubly dear to me.



University of Alberta Concert Choir, 2008-2009

Evelyn Pfeifer, Conductor

Susan Farrell, Asistant Conductor

**Soprano I**

Lana Cuthbertson  
Tyla Day  
Malaika Horswill  
Dorcas Li  
Laura Miller  
Nadia Nasedkin  
Nicky Vranas

**Soprano II**

Alesha Bogdan  
Alexandra Malayko  
Robyn Martel  
Christina O'Dell  
Ashley Rees  
Julie Sackey \*  
Amber Schneider  
Paige Wilson

**Alto I**

Olivia Chow  
Susan Farrell \*\*  
Sabrina Fok  
Allison Glubish  
Kiersten Hawthorn  
Krista Milani  
Audrey Mo  
Janique Richard  
Shannon Sutherland

**Alto II**

Michelle Chan  
Rosie Kilgannon  
Crystal Muller  
Stephanie Savage  
Karen Witten \*

**Tenor**

Louis Bouchier  
Woo Jun Kim  
Bryan LeGrow \*

**Baritone**

Jordan Gagne  
Brent Pancheshen  
Matthew Parsons  
Corey Smith

**Bass**

Kelvin Chu  
Jeremy Doody  
Cody Schellenberger

\*\* Assistant Conductor

\* Accompanists



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